

CRUISE OF THE CASTAWAY COOK

Drawings by G. E. Wolfe

By S. TEN EYCK BOURKE AND CHARLES FRANCIS BOURKE



O-h, I am the cook and the Capt'ing bold,
The mate of the Nancy brig,
The bos'n tight and the midshipmite
And the crew of the Captain's gig!

"From behind him
a wild yell flayed
past in the wind."

YES, I am—my eye! I'm Jemmy Duck, chief cook of Ships Bottom Life Saving Station, Barnegat Beach, New Jersey, that's what I am! Plain and fancy slungullion and chow mixer for the han'some heroes of Barnegat! Huh! Han'some is as han'some does; likewise heroes. And I on'y want to show 'em I'm a man, if I am just a castaway cook. J. DUCK, A. B."

Jemmy Duck was disconsolate. Framed in the open doorway, he stood looking out upon the world of waters that banked up on each side of the long, sandy break-water of Barnegat. He was discouraged and mutinous at Fate's decrees, and he felt just as he did that wintry day when the Ships Bottom life saving crew dragged him out of elemental chaos and a henceoop, and forgot to fetch his duffle bag along, which contained the most important article of the castaway's wearing apparel.

It was one of the jokes of Ships Bottom, the tongue lashing that Jemmy Duck gave them that day, when they discovered that they had left his "brecks" behind, and saw how important they were to Jemmy's makeup. Jemmy's name was not altogether a matter of accident or heredity. "A fine figure of a man, Jemmy was, in the breeches bag," as Little Welsh, the line gunner, remarked; "but he was never built to run upshore with a whip line—not if there was any particular hurry in getting a man off a ship." Jemmy, square as a box from the waist up, and two feet thick from front to back, had just about that length of stubby limbs to support his stocky frame.

"Just enough legs to run away to sea with when I was a kid," Jemmy said: "only what good are they when I got to sit on a dishpan, back o' the mess table, to make folks think I'm a full grown man, big as Big Jem Casco?"

THAT was Jemmy's sorrow; for the fate that had flung the castaway cook of the clipper ship Northern Lights on Barnegat had opened his eyes and expanded his heart in emulation of the heroes of the surf, who fought the sea for the lives of ships and sailormen. Ships Bottom had accepted Jemmy Duck at first sight; not only for his unflinching good nature and pluck, but because the winter storms had depleted the crew, and the station stood in need of a man in the galley, when Fate landed Jemmy in their midst. But Nature, in treating him so niggardly in the matter of limbs, had barred his great ambition to join the crew in more active guise. The Inspector, with one glance at his stubby legs, had turned him down.

"We need men—worse now, since the Chinese smugglers have descended on the coast. And you say you've sailed in Eastern waters; but a man whose legs can't reach the footrest from the thwart is no good at a life-boat oar."

Jemmy was not interested in Chinese smuggling,—he wanted to be a lifesaver, not a "coast cop,"—but he remembered that remark of the Inspector's. It gave him an inspiration, and on that wintry afternoon when he had finished his work in the galley he joined the crew of the station, lounging round the doorway of the boat-house lazily watching the offing where Lighthouse Jack, the gray-winged gull, pet of these burly, round-shouldered boatmen in sea boots and sou'westers, smoking their pipes as they discussed the latest developments of the

oriental filibusters, balanced inquiringly over an old schooner that was ratching in toward the sheltered waters of Barnegat Bay.

IT was the time of the waning of the Great White Storm on Barnegat,—a devil's brew of fog and gale that had taken toll of the coast shipping. Inshore from the red-roofed station the waters of the bay still lashed under the whip of the wintry wind. On the ocean side savage rollers flung shoreward from the far eastern horizon, booming with the sound of cannon on Gridiron Reef, off the station, and disintegrating with savage snarls in the surf. Black-ribbed skeletons on the reef told the story of disaster, and the professional work of Ships Bottom Life Saving Station,—the work that Jemmy Duck yearned to take part in.

"That's about as near to a Chinese smuggler as we'll ever see on Barnegat," Big Jem Casco, Captain of the crew, was saying, with a nod at the incoming schooner.

To the experienced eyes of Ships Bottom, the incoming craft, forging under the shadow of Barnegat Light, off the end of the Gridiron, presented a lack of seamanship that drew disgusted comments from the crew.

"Blest if she ain't comin' in under auxil'ry power—and got twenty Jamaiky blacks to her crew!" Casco exclaimed. "Talk about lazy lubbers—and the skipper wheelin' her himself!"

Urged onward by her auxiliary engine, the schooner lumbered through the inlet into Barnegat Bay, passing within a biscuit toss of Jemmy Duck, who, the better to take her measure, had waddled down to the beach, where with his short legs he stood like a giant planted to the knees in the sand.

"I never see black Chinee—bust who knows?" Jemmy murmured.

He heard the chattering voices of the schooner's crew and the gruff roar of the big-bearded man at the wheel; but Jemmy neither hailed her nor moved from his position until the old craft rounded into the bay and let go her anchor. It was only when Casco shouted to him that he hurried back to the others, a grim look on his broad and weather-bronzed face.

"Jemmy, you jump the skiff and go off and tell that schooner man he better snug up closer to shore—and rouse it! He's giving some of those lazy lubbers of his shore leave now, and he'll need all hands aboard before this blow's over."

Jemmy saw the schooner's boat leave her side and pull shoreward with part of her black crew as he ran the Ships Bottom skiff down the sands from the boat-house. He recognized signs of the coming storm too. As the afternoon waned the wind had dropped to a low, mournful wail, sure precursor of trouble brewing at sea. The curious booming over the marshy bay, the wild cries of the water fowl, and the hurrying sheep's head clouds low down overhead combined to give warning of the wakening of the White Storm that for weeks had made matchwood of shipping up and down the length of the Barnegat wrecking coast, known to the

hydrographers as the Laughing Devil. "The devil's going to laugh tonight, and it ain't on'y going to be that grinning mug of his on the chart," Jemmy said to himself.

But he forgot the storm when, sculling out to the schooner's side, he sprang softly into the main chains, head and shoulders over the bulwark. Half a dozen black-faced men squatted on deck, smoking reed stem pipes and playing some sort of gambling game, chattering in their excitement as they played. "Talkin' Pidgin English—that's funny too!"

Jemmy's voyagings had taught him many languages, and it was some moments before the negroes discovered his presence. Then, to their startled cries, he merely nodded. "I kind o' thought you fellows might ha-met up with them Chinee smugglers," he grimly remarked, "an' now I know it. I'll step out and have a chat with the skipper."

Jemmy Duck must have paid a long visit to the skipper of the Island Queen; for the wind was howling over the bay and black night had fallen on the station when he returned, and drew the Captain of Ships Bottom aside. His stubby frame shook with excitement.

"There's something doin', Cap," he said eagerly. "That Queen schooner out yonder she knows all about them Chinee smugglers—or her skipper does, anyhow. There ain't no chance of him skipping out o' the bay tonight, is there, Cap—

case we want to hold her?"

"With report of a tidal wave coming up coast? Not unless it drags him out to sea," Casco said grimly. He had troubles of his own just then, and was not bothering about Chinese smugglers; but he understood and sympathized with Jemmy's ambitions. "If you count on ketching them Chinee smugglers, to join the Life, I'm afraid it'll be a long time, Jemmy—"

CASCO said no more; for at that moment the door of the station was flung open and the beach patrol sprang in, waving a smoking Coston torch. From behind him in the night a wild yell flayed past on the wind.

"Big oil tanker in the outer channel, 'twixt the Gridiron and Barnegat Lighthouse! I can see her in the flare, sloshing round like a big red submarine! One o' them cigar-shape oil ships, no spars or rigging to hold up a breeches buoy—and her boat gone! Washing ashore now!"

Casco's booming voice capped the alarm. "And there's what's done it! The tide wave's coming, and sending in rollers ahead. That's what fetched that oil-ship in—and the wind's behind it—'Mighty!'"

A sullen booming came from the offing like the sound of a great drum. The first crash passed; but the rumbling grew louder, and offshore they saw the waters rise, lifting with it the shape of the tank ship in the channel, a great red shell of steel and iron, and crashing it down on the rocks as the wave rushed shoreward, breaking on the beach with the sound of a hundred guns.

"The tanker's on the Gridiron!"

The tons of water flooding the beach and the boat-house flung the men about like manikins; but they fought their way to the boat, and plunged with it into the open, to be met with the first swoop of the following gale. Another huge wave broke over the rocks, and when the spray cleared they saw the tanker high up on the reef, with the tall form of Barnegat Lighthouse looming up beyond her, on the far side of the reef channel. That tank ship, they knew, was full of bulk oil.

"She's too far to shoot a line. We got to reach her from the lighthouse—if we ever get there," Casco growled. "Anyhow, we didn't need that flare on her bow to show us—"

"It ain't a flare. She's busted in her bow and spilling oil—it's afire on the rocks. Gawd! If it works back to her tanks, she'll blow the roof off the sky!"

THE cry of alarm coming from the station tower froze them for a second with horror. It was Jemmy shouting down to them of the tanker's dire plight—Jemmy Duck, who, debarred from joining in the crew's activity on the beach by the Inspector's order and his own short legs, had climbed to this vantage point to watch the rescue, and also the Island Queen as she lay at anchor in the bay,—the schooner that meant fame and fortune to Jemmy; though he had not had an opportunity to tell the others of his suspicions. "They

wouldn't believe that Island Queen was crooked till they saw some surer proof than I got yet. But I feel it in my bones!"

But now, in the sudden alarm of life and death in the offing, with the horror of the fire that had broken out on the tanker's bow, Jemmy's heart turned to the work of salvation, to the forgetfulness of self interest and ambition, and fired him to sudden determination. He wanted to take part in the fight against fire and storm, and when the life savers fought the boat down to the beach Jemmy's stubby figure was among them, grotesque in an old sou'wester and pea-jacket that hung to his knees.

"Mebby I won't ketch that Chinese smuggler; but we'll ketch them bullies on the tanker afore she goes to Kingdom Come! Hey, gimme that steering oar, Jem Casco! You'll need all the beef ye got to get her out to the light. Rouse her!"

Tossed inboard by the strong arms of Long Johnson, the little colossus braced himself in the sternsheets, and with big Casco at stroke oar they swung the lifeboat out into the teeth of the gale. Once clear of the pall of black smoke that poured over them, blotting out the beach and station, they saw the tank ship high on the rocks where the great wave had landed her, her bow crumpled and dripping oil and sea water, which alternately blazed and belled up in clouds of smoke from the rocks below. Ships Bottom knew and hated tank ships; but that great shell of steel, perched high on the rocks and spurting fire and smoke like a giant's torch, appalled them for its very helplessness. The tanker, practically, was a big flask, "sloshing" full of oil.

"We can't reach her from the channel: she's too high up," Casco growled, as the men bent their backs to the seas that swept over them. "Hold her straight for the light, Jemmy. You know where we're going?"

"Sure," Jemmy Duck said coolly. "We're going to shoot her from the top o' Barnegat light—if the hawser don't pull the old lighthouse over. And—oh, my aunt!—I see us bullies carryin' that breeches buoy cable up the light! We got a job on our hands carryin' that long baby up to bed!"

A roar from the crew interrupted him; though every man there knew that it meant taking their lives into their hands to carry out the desperate plan of the Captain. But it was the life savers' code to take chances when there were lives to save. High up on the stern of the tank ship they saw the men clustering like red bugs in the skeleton superstructure, the only place where they could seek safety from the fire that enveloped the bow of the steel ship.

"We'll get 'em—if the fire don't beat us to it and blow her!" Casco said grimly.

ACROSS the channel, on the rocks of the lighthouse, a light keeper stood agast at sight of the burly boatmen dragging a wire cable from the boat up into the tall tower. But there was no time for explanations, with thousands of gallons of oil in the stranded ship and fire burning just in front of her smashed bow. Tugging, grunting, they climbed the circular stairs to the tower top, Jemmy Duck waddling in the rear with the line gun in his arms.

High up there on the narrow platform they had to hang on for their lives; but far down below them, across channel, the tanker lay, in easy gunshot range. They leaned on the gale as against a solid wall.

"Plant the gun on the platform, Jemmy," Casco said. "There'll be no trouble shooting them a line from here, and they'll easy haul out the cable. Make it fast to the top o' the tower, Boys, and ready with the breeches bags!"

A lightkeeper sprang forward. "Name o' Gawd! you'll pull the whole lamp off her!"

Little Jemmy Duck was on him in a second, cramming the man through the trap. "Down below an' say your prayers, then! Us bullies have come to shoot the shoots—and thank the Lord this job needs no legs! Bing!"

The line mortar roared out from the tower top, and far over the boiling channel the lifeline looped and swirled. Right across the steel top of the great, cigar-shaped ship it fell, and a cheer went up from the life savers as the line snapped taut and they paid out the cable over the platform.

The heavy line snapped the rail in going, and nearly took Jemmy Duck with it. "If your leg was one inch shorter, I'd never have got ye, ye sawed-off runt!" Casco grunted.

"An inch is as good as a mile. Look at Long Johnson, that can't hardly hang on in the wind!" Jemmy roared back.

The gale had full sweep over them here, and

the men had all they could do to keep their footing on the narrow gallery, with no guard rail now to protect them from a fall to death.

But it might have been a summer picnic of the crew, when the steel cable swung down in a long loop, to tell the smoke-blinded watchers that Ships Bottom crew was at work—at such work as no man on Barnegat ever dreamed to see done,—men teetering on eternity saving others' lives!

Under their feet the tower swayed and shivered in the drag of the cable, and suddenly the light on the tower top went out, leaving them in darkness, at the mercy of the gale. But the red glare of the burning oil plainly showed them what they wanted to see. "The lamp on'y hurt your eyes," they said.

They had bent on the breeches buoy, dropping it down the cable like a gray gull flapping across the channel. "Looks like Lighthouse Jack," chuckled Jemmy Duck, "gone on a mission o' rescue."

FOR a moment the gale seemed to take a breathing spell. Clearing the salt from their eyes, they watched down at the firelit figures on the tank ship. The seamen seemed unable to make fast the cable to the superstructure, or the lunging of the tanker kept dragging it from its fastenings. Three times they gave the signal to the men on the tower to "haul away," and three times the cable sagged down as the breeches buoy started up.

"A lot o' farmers that can't tie a knot—or they're scared to death!" Jemmy Duck roared in a rage. "Hi! what's up now?"

The cable jerked taut as a bar of iron, almost shaking them from the gallery. Another of those huge rollers from the sea had taken the tanker, driving her farther in on the rocks. They heard the strands of the cable cracking in the sudden silence that fell.

"Nother of them seas, and over goes a hundred-thousand-dollar lighthouse, or the strain'll snap the cable!" Casco growled in explanation.

"Stand by, Boys! Here comes the first man—I only hope them broken strands don't snag the breeches buoy."

"Look, Jem, look!" Jemmy broke in. "They have snagged the cable, sure as death! Fifty yards from the ship! It's all over now! No, it ain't! Watch out, Boys! I'm going to superintend!" Dodging under Casco's arm, he slipped over the edge.

A gasp of something like horror went up from the brawny life savers; but no man was in time to stop Jemmy from go-

ing over the side. For a second he sat on the edge, taking his bearings, then with a cry of "Down the cellar door!" he was gone, his long strong arms and stubby legs wrapped round the looped cable as he shot out into the void, regardless of wire-ends and the roaring sea at the bottom.

"One gone!" a deep voice groaned.

"Gone your grandmother! Look! Ye can't kill Jemmy Duck!"

In the growing firelight, no longer beaten down by the wind, they saw him slide down the looped cable and shoot out across the channel to the ship. Unable to stop himself, he struck the breeches buoy full tilt. The collision flung the tackle back aboard the ship and nearly tossed Jemmy into the sea; but he clung like grim death to the cable, while the hearts of the watching life savers stood still.

But Jemmy was tough, and the work he had on hand was not such as to be hampered by the stubby legs that unkind Fate had presented him. Nor could the men on the lighthouse know how cruelly those arms and legs had been lacerated in his terrible flight down the hawser.

The shock merely stunned him for a moment; then, pulling himself together, he clung there while he coolly twisted back the strands that had broken and snagged the breeches buoy tackle. Then, hand under hand, he finished his journey to the ship. "We'll trolley 'em now!" he chuckled.

"Safe! Thank Gawd!" The deep cry boomed across channel on the wind,—a soul-stirring note, high up on tower of Barnegat light, thrilling its hearers. It was only afterward that Ships Bottom remembered, when Jemmy clung there to the cable, apparently all in, that Gunner Welsh had struggled with big Casco in his determination to go to his mate's rescue. Welsh and all of them were proud of Jemmy now.

There was no question of the breeches buoy cable being properly set up, with Jemmy Duck aboard the ship to superintend. A minute after he landed on the tanker's deck he swung his sou'wester to the men on the tower top, and the first seaman went up to safety.

Two more men followed in quick succession, to be hauled jabbering and terrified up top—to be thrust promptly below. It was no time or place for coddling rescued men that night, whatever their degree.

The fourth man, a sailor, had his senses. "They're fighting down below, the boss an' the little man. He made me go," the man faltered. "It's the owner himself, and he's mad to stay with the ship."

"Cause he's lost money!" Gunner Welsh snarled with unutterable scorn. "He'll fight two little men—" The gunner leaped for the cable.

"Wait, Tom, wait! You know Jemmy! Watch 'em!" Casco shouted.

THE whole reef was afire now, and the manikins on the tanker's superstructure stood out plain as day, but like painted men. One, a big, bearded man, was striking out blindly; but something with a bulldog's spring crossed the bridge, crushing down upon the big figure. A long arm went up and down once, and they saw Jemmy Duck drag his antagonist to the breeches buoy, bundle in the helpless figure, and bind it fast. Jemmy patted it on the head as it started away, and swung a cheery arm to his mates on the top.

"All set, Buddies, and last man out!"

"Talk about legs in the life service!" Casco said with huge scorn.

But they had to get Jemmy Duck off yet,—Jemmy Duck, the castaway cook, for whom a thousand mad voices were cheering on Barnegat Beach, now that the rising flames from the oil cleared the smoke shroud from sight of the wreck.

They could see him through the flying spray as he climbed the roof of the superstructure, to watch the progress of the flames—or maybe to assure himself of the presence of a vessel in the bay. For a certainty Jemmy was not bothering about the cheering multitude. To be frank, Jemmy was looking for the Island Queen, the schooner that meant more to him than the simple feat of saving five lives—or he thought so.

It was a fatal delay. The sea and wind, banking up while Jemmy was doing his "high and lofty tumbling," as he ironically called it, came roaring in with the fury of a wolf pack. Out at sea the whole expanse of ocean



"Roaring vengeance on the government spy."

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"arch supporters," relieving the pressure and "pinch" of the very numerous and obnoxious nerves in the feet. We would emphasize here the importance of having an expert fit these arches, as the stock supports are usually as obnoxious and inutile as the stock spectacles, which ill-advised, and literally short-sighted, patients with refractive troubles invest in.

Then we have the rheumatism of fatigue, complained of by typists, clerks, musicians, engineers, and others whose occupations force them to use one set of muscles to an excessive degree. This is really nothing more or less than a "muscle-tire," called euphoniously "occupation neurosis." The cure for it is simply to give up the occupation for a time.

Another form of rheumatism, and a very prevalent one, is a "cold"—or perhaps we should more accurately say that the thing that causes a cold is equally efficacious in "settling" that "cold" in the joints.

AND this brings us to the "uric acid theory," discredited by many, but a very real, substantial fact, nevertheless. The ingredients of this particular form of rheumatism are an excess of uric acid in the system, and then a chill on some particularly exposed area of the body. This throws the uric acid out of solution in the circulation, and deposits it, in the form of minute crystals, in the tissues or joints. The actuating, or beginning, cause of this condition is mal-metabolism,—the insufficient conversion of food products into nutritive pabulum, and the retention of toxic material in the system.

If anyone, with an excess of acid, does not believe that rheumatism is dependent upon this, all he has to do, to convince himself of the truth of it, is to eat three or four nice, hearty meals "hand running"—thick, juicy steaks preferred,—and wash them down with copious quantities of heavy ales or other alcoholic beverages, or strong tea or coffee—which is almost as bad. If he has any tendency toward rheumatism, this diet is admirably calculated to help it; that is, to help it manifest.

If, however, he is sincerely desirous of ridding himself of this obstinate and painful form of rheumatism, it will be necessary to eliminate from his diet all elements that go to form uric acid,—sugars, as much starch as possible (starch is converted into a form of sugar before being utilized), and all foods that tax the digestion. Taboo fried meats, "rich" dishes, especially those which contain a large amount of purin-forming material. Favor a light diet of cracked wheat, rice, macaroni, spaghetti, hominy, milk, eggs, butter, olives, gelatin, and almost all fruits that are not too acid in their nature. Also eat liberally of green vegetables, preferably those which grow above the ground,—cauliflower, cabbage, lettuce, spinach, celery, and onions. Most nuts, excepting peanuts, are acceptable.

Flush the system with ample quantities of pure, soft water, and keep all the organs of elimination, especially the pores of the skin, very active. Alkaline salts, having a solvent affect upon uric acid, will be found beneficial. These do not include lithia,

which has little or no acid solvent powers. Electricity, in the form of static or the high-frequency current, increases oxidation; in other words, burns up waste material. Some rheumatics may be said to be only half baked. So, completing the baking—in a hot-air oven—frequently rids the premises of their accumulated uric acid; for heat dissolves the crystals, throws them again into the blood stream, and favors their elimination.

Above all, if you have too much acid, be discreet. If you must attend football games, go fishing, or indulge in any exercise in which the chief work consists in sitting still in a half-gale of wind, do it by proxy. Send a husky substitute. Otherwise, the rheumatologist is likely to get you for a patient.

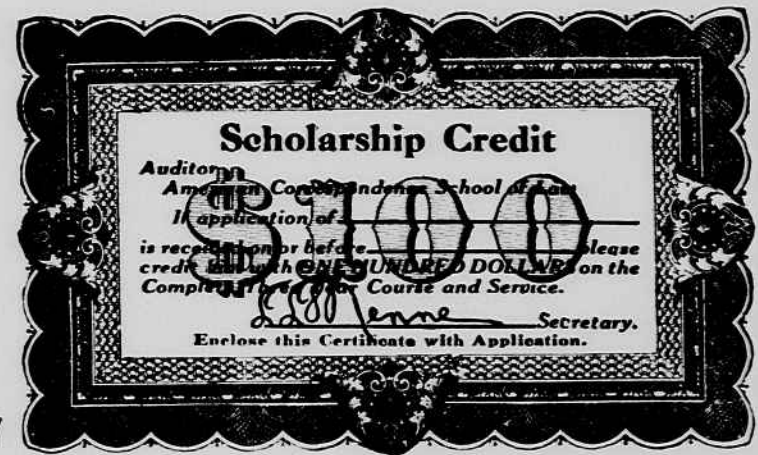
In connection with this subject of uric acid it is interesting to note that the reason we "feel it in our bones" when there is to be a drastic change for the worse in the weather, is because the toxin and acid-irritated nerves are more sensitive to temperature changes than sound, healthy ones. Some folk are quite proud of their abilities in weather forecasting; but in most of us it is a gift that we would gladly exchange for a yellow dog. For we could get rid of the dog much more easily than we can the biological barometer in our rheumatic joints.

GOUT is another of the many forms of rheumatism, except in name. In this condition certain waste products, chiefly uric acid and sodium urate, are not being excreted in normal quantities, because they are manufactured faster than they can be got rid of. Curiously enough, low living is as responsible for gout as high living; a little more so, if anything.

It is a distinct loss of caste to the "three-bottle man" with the thick neck and the apoplectic face to have to admit that his favorite disease has been usurped by those at the opposite end of the dietetic and social scale; but such is the fact. There are the same nodes (protuberances) on the joints, the same thickening and stiffening, the same acute pain, and, unkindest cut of all, relieved by the very things that caused his attack; for a "full" diet, with plenty of red meat, and material calculated to make blood, will arrest the condition in the underfed and emaciated victim of tea and toast. Another form of gout attacks neurasthenics, and produces almost the same clinical symptoms as with the overfed and the underfed.

These are the chief causes of what we know as rheumatism. There are about forty others—including the pains from hidden tumors, old injuries, fatty masses, boils beneath the true skin, muscle cramps due to exposure, contusions, torn ligaments, "growing pains," sprains and other injuries, lead poisoning, locomotor ataxia, abdominal prolapsus, and almost anything else that hurts for which we have no more accurate classification.

Rheumatism is, was, has been, and possibly always will be, a convenient dumping ground for medical ignorance. It says more, and means less, than any other word in the English language.



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CRUISE OF THE CASTAWAY COOK

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seemed to rise, obscuring horizon and sky. "We're in God's hands now!" Casco cried. "The tidal wave's on us!"

Immersed in their work, with every faculty strung taut in the toil of salvation, the crew of Ships Bottom had forgotten the warnings of the coast wires. For hours from some mysterious depth of the ocean the great wave had been forming, slowly gaining momentum as it neared the coast, its shore arm sweeping the ocean beach from Hatteras to the Hook, spreading terror and devastation, while the undertow that drained it away again swept whole villages into the sea.

The great wave reached Barnegat, almost burying the lighthouse, at the very moment when Jimmy's comrades started hauling him up the cable in the breeches buoy, last man to leave the ship. When the wave struck the life savers could only cling to the top; the lighthouse seemed crumbling under them. But the rush passed, with its millions of tons of water sweeping shoreward like a railroad train.

How they escaped destruction no man knew; but as the spray cleared the half drowned men on the tower saw something bobbing up and down like a brown cork on the sea, still clinging to the cable.

The oil ship was gone, the roar of its explosion buried under a world of waters. The wave passed, striking the breakwater sands

of Barnegat with the roar of a hundred guns. Over the bay it surged, and far up into the mainland; but the undertow had already started out to sea, taking with it everything that floated in its hungry maw.

The return wave struck the lighthouse, contemptuously tossing ashore the breeches buoy cable. The brown bundle on the end, which was Jimmy Duck, castaway cook of Barnegat, was gone, and a big, bearded man buried his bruised face in his hands and wept.

"He beat me up when I was crazy, and sent me up to safety," the owner of the oil tanker said, "and now he's gone! A cook, you say? A Man, I say!"

"What was that went yelling through the channel when Jimmy got licked off?" Little Welsh asked moodily. "Sounded to me like them Jamaikes that was on that Island Queen craft. She was washed out?"

"Pulled out o' the bay with the undertow, and run Jimmy down goin' to sea, damn'er!" Long Johnson added.

"Got his, just w'en he could ha picked his own life station, legs or no legs!" the crew mourned.

The men of Ships Bottom were all thinking the same thing. The lifeboat was gone; but when the Bayhead life savers came along in their motorboat to take Ships Bottom off the light the crew offered to fight them for the boat, or take them along, as

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they pleased, but they were going to sea in search of Jemmy Duck. Not that they had any hope; but no honors were too great for their lost mate. So it happened that the two crack crews of Barnegat put out to sea that night, searching for what had been a short-legged castaway cook who had finished a man's work and gone out on the big waters. "Last honors!" as Casco said.

BUT Jemmy Duck was far from ready for last honors, proud as his admiring mates' intentions would have made him in other circumstances. As a matter of fact, Jemmy had just begun his night's work when the tidal wave bore down upon him, and passed.

He was still clinging to the breeches buoy cable when the wave returned "to finish the job," he growled defiantly. As the wave passed, a black mass came tearing through the channel and struck him, "broadside on."

He had a vague idea that he was still hanging to the cable when his senses cleared; but, curiously enough, the cable was racing out to sea, and the black mass still loomed over him. Further investigation convinced him that he was clinging to the bobstay of a schooner, staring up at a name in white letters that stared back at him from the bow, and Jemmy gasped.

"The Island Queen! It's her or her ghost—or I'm dead and dreaming of Chinese smugglers again! Nope, it's her. I can hear them Jamaiky blacks chattering up on deck this minute. I'll go up and investigate."

He was torn and tattered and battered and bruised all over; but his amazing resurrection and the apparition of the Island Queen sent the blood coursing through his veins. After the glorious time he had had with the life savers it seemed almost too much luck to find himself aboard the schooner that had not been out of his thoughts since she first cast anchor back of Ships Bottom in the bay.

But the Island Queen was speeding out to sea, and Jemmy had no intention of going to sea on a ship whose character was in doubt.

Grunting and groaning, he climbed up over the schooner's bow and rolled drenched and dripping among a group of men on the fore'sle. Something squirmed under him, and Jemmy found himself gripping a woolly head that to his horror peeled off in his hands. The negroes fled shrieking, and the man he held struggled to get away; but Johnny was holding to the long pigtail that had slipped down his back, and he gave a shout of triumph.

"I thought so! I knowed them Jamaikies was Chinamen when I hears 'em chattering that furrin lingo back in the bay; on'y I didn't have time to prove it. I bet everyone of them Jamaiky darkies has got a pigtail curled up in his wig. Skipper painted 'em up and passed 'em off for his crew, and gives 'em shore leave, so they can make their getaway. That's the way they smuggle 'em in the Pacific. And I've caught her—the Island Queen, Chinese smuggler! J. Duck, A. B!"

DANCING in his excitement, and still holding the struggling Chinaman by his cue, Jemmy suddenly realized the deadly peril he stood in, alone on the filibuster, facing a dozen desperate Chinamen who would show him no mercy now he had discovered their secret. Besides, they had seen the little giant before, and knew he was with the Ships Bottom coastguard.

They were crowding forward again, headed by the black-bearded skipper, flourishing a handspike and roaring vengeance on the "government spy." Jemmy gave a desperate glance around. Far astern he saw the pale gleam of Barnegat Lighthouse, and a storm moon flaring over the schooner lighted up only his enemies and the empty ocean.

"Kill him! Overboard with him!" The bloodthirsty roar decided him. Springing into the fore'shrouds, he went aloft like a monkey. "I'll give old Barnegat one flare, to let 'em know I'm off on the long cruise," he said grimly.

He had no intention of submitting meekly to be slaughtered—Jemmy wasn't that kind. Besides, he had "got wet enough in the water already." But if there was a chance of anyone's seeing the signal the smuggler might be captured, anyhow.

"Then I guess we'll call it a day's job!" he said grimly.

Reaching the top, he fumbled in his boot for the patent Coston torch that his training taught him to carry, "afloat or ashore."

Careless of the howling crowd below, he rasped the percussion torch on the top and waved it on high, wigwagging to the empty ocean.

"Twice to the left and a swing round—Follow us. Wat's smugglers? Pirates will do, three circles—and five up and down—Follow us. Pirates. Help! There! That's

accordin' to regulations, and duty done. Here they come!"

A swarm of figures had started up the shrouds, on each side. He saw the sheen of knives—and Jemmy knew what desperate orientals were capable of. The "Jamaicans" had thrown off concealment, chattering threats in Chinese as they came on.

Jemmy answered defiantly; for he saw his chance. "Man to man now—and I'll take the biggest first!" he cried. Like a cat he sprang out of the top as the Chinamen clambered over the edge.

On the fore'sle the skipper was staring over the ocean, fearful of an answer to Jemmy's signals. It never occurred to him that the little life saver was not doomed, till something flashed down the forestay, hung for a second over the skipper, and dropped.

Crushed to the deck, the skipper lay prone, while Jemmy Duck leaped up, dashing aft to the wheel. "We'll be going home when we fight it out!" he roared. "Now come on! 'Mighty!'"

A turn of the wheel, jammed down hard and lashed, started the schooner round with her head for Barnegat. The Chinamen were on top of them next moment, mounting the poop, when Jemmy snatched a handspike and shouted his warcry.

HE did not see the big white motorboat which dodged the madly careening schooner, nor did he hear the answering bellows of Captain Casco, nor the booming chorus of the life savers, who had come out to do him "last honors."

Jemmy Duck was nearer the need of last honors than he ever had been. He had but one thought,—to "go down fighting for the honor of Ships Bottom," undaunted, undefeated to the end. That was why he raised his voice in song as he charged, and the life-savers, swarming over the bulwark, stood petrified at the sight of a duck-legged little man, erupting like the vortex of a volcano in a struggling mass of dark-faced seamen, some of them, strangely enough, with long cues hanging down their backs, and all chattering in angry Chinese at Jemmy Duck, who defiantly roared that he was—

"—the cook and the Captain bold, The mate of the Nancy brig, The bos'n tight and the midshipmite And crew of the Captain's gig!"

"If ye are, ye little imp, you're the roughest shipmaster I ever see at work! Stop it, Jemmy," Casco cried, "before you slaughter them all. We saw that signal torch and chased you; but we never thought it was you. What did you mean by pirates?"

"She's the Chinese smuggler!" Jemmy panted. "Glory be! Ships Bottom's come to the rescue! I've ketched the Chinese smuggler, Cap, the Island Queen! And here's the big king villain of the lot—Bing!" Jemmy was under headway and could not stop at once. He saw the bearded schooner master lurching aft, and met him halfway, springing into the air to land his final blow, and both rolled over the deck together.

HE was grinning when the life savers dragged him up, and "a sight to behold," as Casco said. But Jemmy was happy. His mates had seen him in action—they had seen him capture the schooner single handed. But, best of all, Jemmy's heart swelled with the thought that the two crack life saving crews of Barnegat had come out into the night and the ocean to seek for one poor little "duck-legged castaway cook, that they thought was drowned," only to find him in the midst of his final glory and his last honors.

"I'm sorry I couldn't let you bullies into the secret," Jemmy said repentantly, "or we might ha caught that boatload o' Chinks that the skipper sent ashore, soon as he anchored. Only that wreck come in so quick, and o' course the Life Savin' Service expected every man to do his duty; so I had to go out and resky them tankers. I sensed them Jamaikies was Chinamen on this smuggling schooner when I heard 'em chattering Chinese in the bay—leastwise, I wasn't dead sure about it till they came out and run me down, and I pulled off the curly wig o' me. Then the skipper was goin' to throw me overboard; so I concluded to captur' her and take her back to Barnegat," Jemmy finished modestly. "It's an old trick in the East to paint up Chinamen like a crew of islanders, when they smuggle 'em round, and land them in batches; but I guess it's the first time it's been tried on Barnegat. D'ye think the Inspector will overlook my legs when I give him all these I got here, Jem?" he asked with a sweep of his hand to the captives.

"Considerin' the tanker job, I shouldn't wonder," Casco laughed.

"Then I didn't desert you and come cruisin' on a Chinese smuggler for nothing," Jemmy Duck said contentedly. "I was gettin' kind o' tired of being a castaway cook."



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